

Ruby 'Tough Guy, Loner'

By WILBUR MARTIN

Dallas, Tex. — P — He's a tough guy, this Jack Ruby.

He's a loner, too.

He's emotional. Real emotional. And he flies off the handle.

A cop who saw him moving in on Lee Harvey Oswald, the self-styled Communist accused of assassinating President Kennedy, screamed.

"Jack, you s..... o..... b....."

Jack Ruby rammed the nickel plated pistol he always carried into Oswald and pulled the trigger.

Oswald died a little more than an hour later.

Plans Murder Charge

"I'll charge Ruby with murder," said Dist. Atty. Henry Wade of the man Wade had met only the night before, when the strip-tease joint owner crashed a news conference as police revealed more details of their case against Oswald.

"I can take care of myself," Ruby always boasted.

"Yeah, he could do that," said a close personal friend, a guy who used to run public social dances with the stocky health faddist.

Yeah, man. He's always after it. He lives for that business . . . to make a buck," said his onetime business associate.

His real name is Jack Rubenstein and he showed up in Dallas about 15 years ago, moving in on big D's night life with a swinging little place called the Silver Slipper.

The cops know Ruby, too.

Didn't Seem Strange

"I know all the policemen," Ruby breezily told Wade at the

press conference. "And the newsmen. I just came down to listen in."

That's why it didn't seem strange to have Jack Ruby pop up among the crowd of newsmen, photographers and Stetson hatted detectives forming an almost human barrier that Oswald had to cross in his transfer from one jail to another.

He was used to being around.

The police had had him around for other reasons. Like two arrests for carrying a concealed weapon, once in July of this year; once in May of 1954. For violating a dance hall ordinance in 1959. And just a few days ago for aggravated assault. He had a fight in another night spot. A guy heckled

"He's a little odd," said Bill DeMar, the master of ceremonies who brings on the strippers at the Carousel club.

"But tremendously patriotic."

"For a buck," said his ex-partner.

"You know, this just about would have killed him. Not the president's death. But the business. You live for the holidays in this town. Two months of the free spending and it carries you the rest of the year.

"Business Is Shot"

"The business is shot for Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's. Man, who's gonna live it up now?"

Women like Jack Ruby, but he wasn't interested.

"You know what it was with him. Animals. Three dogs. Cats. He'd do anything for them."

Ruby is a character in a business of characters.

He doesn't drink or smoke. He doesn't curse.

"He's a real gentleman with the ladies."

But he is rough.

"He didn't need a bouncer. He could handle himself. He was proud of that."

He didn't see the sun too much, Jack Ruby. But he didn't want to be flabby. He was only medium height and had a heavy build.

Works Out Every Day

His manager at the other club Ruby owns, the Vegas, a drinking and dancing place, put it this way:

"Ruby works out with the body building exercises every day in his apartment. Sometimes he even goes to the YMCA . . ."

The manager, George Senator, said of Ruby:

"He felt very badly about the Kennedy assassination and had been saying: 'Oh, that poor family.'"

His former business associate said he thought Ruby came to Dallas from "maybe Chicago."

"He's a real fast talker . . . but he's got a little stutter. He ain't a bad guy, understand. He's a good guy. He'd give you a buck if you needed it. He never liked to see a guy without a buck. He didn't ever want to be a guy without a buck."

TEARS FINALLY STREAM

Los Angeles Times Special

Washington, D. C.—Atty. Gen. Robert F. Kennedy swallowed hard time and again Sunday as he fought to hold off the tears.

But they came. They streamed down the cheeks of the late president's brother and hung in droplets from his chin. He never stirred eyes fixed on the flag draped coffin in the center of the capitol's great rotunda.

Mrs. Jacqueline Kennedy's eyes were red rimmed, her face a heart rending portrait of sorrowful majesty. A black lace mantilla covered her head and framed her face.

It was that kind of moment, Senator Mansfield of Montana, the Democratic majority leader, was saying: "A piece of us died at that moment. Yet, in death he gave of himself to us."